

## We Make This Appeal in the Name of the American People

MEM of the Congress:

A few days ago one of your own number, Senator David I. Walsh, described to you, in earnest and convincing words, the pathetic sufferings and the disgraceful treatment of our sick and disabled soldiers.

Surely, Senator Walsh spoke truthfully. Surely, you all believed him.

Senators and Representatives, how could you sit in your seats unmoved by the painful picture so vividly and powerfully presented to you?

Is it possible that the sufferings of these sick and disabled soldiers are less to you than the consideration of taxes and tariffs, or the discussion of partisan politics, or the waste of words in mutual recriminations over the dead and damned policies of the recent execrated Administration?

Do you actually believe that the American people, whose servants you rightfully are, have more concern for the ordinary and usual course of legislation than they have for the extraordinary and imperative necessities of the men who gave their health, their limbs, their bright hopes and fair prospects for the Republic's victory and renown in the earth?

Is it your opinion that sick railroad stocks and crippled corporation incomes are more dear to the American people than sick and crippled soldiers?

Do you think that our care is for money first and men afterwards?

Because if you do, Senators and Representatives, you very mistakenly interpret the mind and soul of the American people.

These are our boys, men of the Congress—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, the children of our love, the brothers of our affection—and there is nothing in all this world, neither riches nor any other bribe or gift of time and fortune, which weighs in the balances even so much as lightest air against their enormous claim upon our gratitude and our justice.

Senators and Representatives, the whole processes of legislation could be halted until the necessities of these sick and crippled soldiers were provided for and until every man of them was paid the debt we justly owe to them, and there would be no hands in America which would not clap in applause and no tongue which would not cry: "Well done!" Search your own memories, men of the Congress, and recall your own solemn pledges to these soldiers you sent across the seas to fight in a foreign quarrel.

Did you not promise them that those who died should be held in lasting memory and honor, and that those who lost health and limb should be the sacred care of the Nation so long as life was in their shattered bodies?

Did you not promise all that, publicly and solemnly, for yourselves and for us all?

You did, Senators and Representatives, you did.

And all of us said amen.

You gave the word of the Nation, and the Nation gladly confirmed the gift.

And now, Senators and Representatives, every sick soldier who lies unvisited and unhappy and neglected in the miserable hospital environments which alone are provided for thousands; every crippled soldier who hobbles his way on crutches or swings an empty sleeve above an empty pocket; every poor, crazed soldier who has no better care than that given by willing, but overburdened, family affection, or by the careless and callous attendants in contract hospitals, is an accusing and pathetic witness that the representatives of the Nation lied to him

when he went to put his sacrifice upon the altars of the Republic.

Senators and Representatives, you have no right to put such a stain upon our honor, to blacken the good name of your people in such a shameful manner.

If this were a matter which concerned only us who are strong and well and capable, we might well wait upon the usual dilatory processes of parliamentary procedure. Ordinarily we expect debate and delay—much wind before the ship begins to sail. And nobody cares.

But this is a different matter, Senators and Representatives.

This is not a matter of politics or economics, of jobs or taxes, of interest or wages, of anything usual and common to the legislative or executive functions of government.

This is an urgent, emergent, imperative matter of life or death to thousands of our sons and brothers who themselves gallantly and unhesitatingly accepted the wage of life or death when the Republic called them to her defense.

They did not debate. They did not delay. They did not look anxiously to their ledgers and accounts. They did not count the cost of their adventure.

By hundreds of thousands they answered to the call of their mighty Mother, the Republic. By millions they ranged themselves beneath her banners and spread around her the strong help of their young bodies, their bright courage and their unconquerable souls.

How gallantly they strode from shop and farm into the embattled ranks!

Don't you remember how frantically you led the crowds that cheered and cheered and went wild with delirious enthusiasm?

YOU remember that YOU, Senator there, and YOU, Representative over yonder, don't you?

Well, then, look at these lads in this miserable, unfit hospital here, and at those lads hobbling about painfully over there, and at those other lads staring out of insane eyes in that damnable cheap contract institution over there.

Look at them!

Who cheers for them now?

Who cares for them now?

And where are the promises and pledges you made to them then?

We put those questions to you, Senators and Representatives, in the name of the American people, whose word is broken, whose honor is blackened and whose good name is stained and shamed by your delay and neglect to care for our lads—stained and shamed and dishonored by YOU, Senators and Representatives, by YOU, by YOU.

Let us have an end of this disgrace.

You men can end this disgrace in a day—almost in an hour—if you so will.

Senators and Representatives, if any of these words seem over-hard or over-reproachful to you, we have neither excuse nor modification to make.

The shameful facts justify language ten times as strong. We regret only that we have not language ten times as strong to employ.

So long as one of our sick soldier lads is uncared for, so long as one of our crippled soldier lads is unprovided for, so long as one of our poor crazed soldier lads lacks the care and affectionate attendance he deserves, so long, Senators and Representatives, will this American paper rouse the attention of the American people to your indefensible neglect of these sick and crippled and insane soldiers, and demand of you, in the name of the American people, that you pay our debt to these wounded and broken lads, and give to them the care and the aid which should be given them in decency and honor.

## MAKING A SERIOUS MISTAKE

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## HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

The greatest trouble that women will face when they come to participate in public affairs, says Miss Alice M. Robertson, Congresswoman from the merely personal phase of things. They will be too prone to indorse persons, not measures; to accept opposition as being personal rather than a matter of principle.

She worked with a certain woman down in Muskogee, she says, who was a Democrat. They both opposed woman suffrage. After suffrage came, however, Miss Robertson found herself a candidate for Congress. On election day she went to the polls and loyally voted for herself. As she came out of the polling place she found her former crusader against suffrage, her Democratic friend, had just driven up in a flivver. She wanted to cast her ballot but the flivver was full of children and she hated to leave them.

Miss Robertson grasped the situation. She walked out to the automobile and volunteered her assistance. "I will take care of the children," she said, "while you go in and vote against me."

This is the spirit, she says, that women must come to show. It will take some time.

Andrew Carnegie, some years ago, was talking to a woman in Washington who came of an old family which had not shown very strong in recent generations.

"No, madame," said the iron master, "there is more hopefulness in discussing ascents than descents."

The lamp of learning that has lighted men to high places has known many a strange setting, but none more unusual than that torch by which Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas early read his law.

As a jockey at fifteen he had saved enough to feel quite rich and he gave up the race-track and went to school. For two years his hoard sustained him and then it was gone. An old friend in North Topeka, who ran a livery stable offered to stake him to one of those night hacks which carry some folks back and forth in the darkness while others sleep. The owner of the hack and the driver would split fifty-fifty on the fares.

The young Curtis got what schooling he could in the daytime, and at night, while waiting on his fares, he would slip down in the front of his hack and read law by those solemn lights it bore and which shone like bonbons on all the streets of the world through that generation that has just past. And thus he labored and thus he read until he was able to pass his bar examination, after which success was immediately his, which fact again pays its tribute to the lowly stepping stone.

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## Flesh Silk.

Discovery has been made of a process by which the muscular tissue of horses and cattle can be converted into silk—use being thus found for condemned cows and horses killed because of accident or old age. The flesh is softened by saturating it in a liquid, which separates the muscle fibers by dissolving the substance that holds them together. When it is soaked in another liquid, which strengthens the fibers and gives them a silky character. Silk thus obtained can be rubberized and made waterproof by soaking it for some hours in a bath of rubber.

## Prize Taxpayers.

Prizes for prompt and uncomplicated payment of taxes are offered by the Japanese government, ranging from two shillings to \$5. When a man pays promptly he receives a slip of paper entitling him to a certain number of chances in the municipal lottery. When his record for a number of years justifies the distinction, a porcelain medallion is presented to him, to be placed on the door of his home as a badge of good citizenship.

## Birds in the Dark.

Not a few birds practically rear their nestlings in the dark. Well known examples of this are seen in sand-martins and king-fishers—birds that dig, or scrape out, long burrows in banks and lay their eggs at the farther end of them.

## Mr. B. Baer

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Letters from selfish made man to his silly son.

Letters from faithful husband to his three wives.

Epistles from Grover Bergdoll to War Risk Insurance Bureau.

Correspondence between ex-bartender and employment agency.

Letters from bootlegger to governor's jury.

Souvenir postcards from Injun guide to—well, that was most popular divorce case ever pulled off in big city. Dear, if we don't see each other again, hello. Enclosed find four-fanned goldfish which will bring you good fortune. Lots and lots of Akwerie, yours until the swinging doors swing again. Bevo.

Letter G. Kathi, you must be a pearl for your ears are like two oysters. Kallian-tanorin. That is Injun for I will love you until I meet another girl. Lots and lots of Akwerie, Freddie Bevo.

Letter Z. Dearast, there was a postal card come for you and I opened it. Enclosed find bad news that will make you happy. Lots and lots of Akwerie, Bevo.

Letter M. Dear, I had a dream and saw you crying and laughing at the same time. Are you going nuts? Lots of Akwerie, Fritz.

Letter R. Sweethearts. Ain't it strange how you write a letter and one word leads to another? Lots and lots of Akwerie, Freddie.

Letter X. It must be awful for a poor girl alone in the big city with no Indian or mother to guide her. Lots and lots of Akwerie, Bevo.

Letter A. How is it that when you are not here, I never see you? It is awful up here at Grand Ants without you. Meet me at the National City Bank. Yours until the jury says different. Fred.

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office. By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.: Seven years ago a man robbed me of—well, of the dearest possession I had. My subsequent actions, rash actions in which I practically lost all, were a direct consequence of what this man had done to me. Assuming that there is some justification for the unwritten law, the provocation here warranted its application—but I forbore.

Since then, I have come back. And now, in a most singular manner, fate has placed this man's entire future in my hands. I have the power to humiliate him, to bring him to his knees, and I still forbear.

The non-employment of the power I hold will leave this man unaware of my possession of it, rendering the "coals of fire" theory ineffective, while leaving him still free to pursue his constant attitude of irritating superciliousness and open insult.

I am conversant with the Biblical theory, "seventy times seven," and the divinity of forgiveness, as well as the unmitigated "eye for an eye" adjuration. By employing the power I will remain well within the limits of legitimate—as distinguished from the moral—principles of mere business.

Don't tell me, K. C. B., of the suffering of his innocent children, as the monetary aspect is incidental; besides, he is unmarried. I am constrained to—and yet, and yet—I await your reply. A CHRISTIAN—I hope.

IF I were you.

I'D FIND this man.

WHO TOOK from me.

WHAT I most prize.

AND SIT with him.

AND SAY to him.

"I HAVE come here.

"TO SAY to you.

"THAT IF I would.

"I COULD destroy.

"ALL THAT you have.

"AND I'VE just called.

"TO LET you know.

"I COULD do this.

"AND FURTHER say.

"THAT WHAT I have.

I WILL not use."

THAT'S WHAT I'd do.

SO HE would know.

THAT GODLIKE men.

WERE STILL on earth.

AND WHO it is.

HARMS ANY man.

HARMS MOST himself.

I WOULD be glad.

AND LIGHT of heart.

IF I were you.

TO DO this thing.

IN JUST this way.

I THANK you.

Stars and Stripes

The worm is always wrong when arguing with the robin.

Prudes are people who think more of their reputation than of their virtue.

No position in life is worth maintaining in debt; true gentility can stand the test of poverty.

A grumbler is a fellow who finds fault and hates to give it up.

An idler is a prodigal who borrows his future to squander with his present.

## HEARD AND SEEN

By BILL PRICE.

**JOY IN THIS ROLL.**  
I know a girl who "rolls her own." And its neither smoked nor boss; Nor yet the mighty rolling pin Or self-reducing machine. But every afternoon at 2. With love, pride and joy, She puts him in his baby carriage And rolls her darling baby boy! MARIAN L. LARSON.

**POOR POP.**  
"I dread the time when we men will be wearing paper suits." "What's your objection? They'll be cheap." "Yes, but my wife will make me wear the comic sheets to amuse our kids." GIMME B. OOEZ.

I appreciate the kindly wishes of fellow fans. These expressions help a lot, as does the daily arrival of H and S, with its messages of mirth. JOE CONKLIN.

**THE ZIG-ZAG-WORD PROBLEM.**  
In this cross-word's combination by HENRY SMITH is a zig-zag word which spells the name of a noted flower:

C R A N E  
S H A R K  
D O R I C  
T O K Y O  
H E A R S  
K A N O R  
U T T E R  
H A R P S  
L E A R N  
C L O M E T  
C L O O M

What has happened to the old fashioned race-track sport who used to wear a red vest over a burning mustard plaster in the damp spring weather? JULES BACKENHEIMER.

**CREMATION.**  
As the night wore on they knew the worst. That the end of it all was nigh. Three doctors she had from the very first, And what else could she do but die? "Oh, Walter," she said, "strew no blossoms of spring. For the new apparatus might rust. But promise a handful of shavings you'll bring. And watch carefully while I combust. Also promise me, love, by the Archæology you'll watch. And when mourners and stokers convene, You see that they light a solemn, slow match. But don't let 'em use any kerosene." H. SMITH.

**FAME OF THE G. O. C.**  
The other day the mailman delivered to the G. O. C. a letter having on it no other address than the one below, and it landed where it belonged:

**SOMEBODY'S COLUMN.**  
Somebody has a kindly heart. And a disposition sunny. Somebody has a cheery column. That's mighty, mighty funny. So this little rhyme I'm sending. To wish somebody some of the joy That somebody's always sending.

Another letter, sent by H. D. Hawkins as a test, had no other address than this and yet came all right: BILL, Washington, D. C.

**WANTS CLOSE TO HER EAR.**  
I wish I was the little rat That nuzzles 'gainst yer ear; I'd maybe, then, pick up the noise To pop the question, dear. PEGGY BEB.

TYPOGRAPH OF A SEASHORE BUNGALOW BY A "TIMES READER."

**WARNING TO "HIGH BROWS."**  
I called to take my Dulcinea to the theater and, while she was upstairs, "powdering her nose," her mother entertained me with disquisitions upon the domestic capabilities of the young lady. Thinking pass make of it with mamma, as well as humor her maternal pride, I wedged in, at the first chance, "My dear madam, it is but natural that YOUR theory should be a neat-headed Phyllis."

The old lady's urbanity froze instantly, and for several weeks she was very distant, at times brusque. Finally, I asked what my offense had been, and what I got straight from the shoulder, was this: "You had oughta know that a man who'd call a girl a sly ain't no gentleman." J. C.

A cake parts his brain in the middle and forgets about half of it. MYLDOOD.

Little Willie was enjoying a play with his kittens on the street when a gentleman passing by asked him the names of the kittens. "Joe and Jerry," was the prompt reply. "Why not call them Cook and Peary?" the man then asked. "Go on, man," Willie said, "these ain't no Pole Cats!" BEB BEB.

**A DIFFICULT ANAGRAM.**  
"SICK L. PEAR" offers these difficult anagrams of notable characters:

1. Lone hero engaging gets war.  
2. She wrote—cheer a tribe.  
3. As he roared, rejoined old France.  
4. Hero told to oversee.  
5. Oh, negro knows a bit.  
6. Power shall adorn me.  
7. Ned, Great rebel war leader.  
8. The door ring tided old France.  
9. He'll do in mallow verse.  
10. Govern clever lad.  
11. Surpassingness my lot.  
12. Last Scot Writer.

**THE OFFICE BOY.**  
He's there early in the morning. He stays till late at night; You never hear him grumble, unless he's worried with his night.

He's bound around from morn till night, It's "Come a-runnin' boy." You wonder who this creature is— It's only the office boy. FRANKIE B.

TYPOGRAPH OF THE OFFICE GOATS' RUG BY A FAN.

TO THE OFFICE GOAT TO RAY OR STAND ON.  
FROM A  
RAY TWO FAIRPLAY FINE RIM RAY AFTER  
RAY.